MOUTH OF THE RAT
NO 10

MOUTH OF THE RAT #10 (SEPT. 1979)
IS PUBLISHED ON OCCASION AND IN SPITE OF CONDITIONS IN SOUTH FLORIDA IN GENERAL BY THE GREAT BHANG THEORY PRESS WHOSE MAILING ADDRESS IS: 151 SW 15TH ST #1, BOCA RATON, FL 33432 ... PHONE: 391-6654 OR 941-0598 (BROWARD) WE DO NOT I REPEAT DO NOT CARE. ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE IS COPYRIGHT©1979 BY G.B.T.P. FUCK YOU.
AD RATES AVAILABLE ON REQUEST—DON'T NEED YOU

EDITOR'S NOTES

STILL, NOTHING IS HAPPENING IN BOCA RATON... NOT SURPRISING I SUPPOSE.... THERE'S CLUBS IN SOUTH FLORIDA WHO ARE PLAYING OUR KIND OF MUSIC, WE WANT TO THANK TIGHT SQUEEZE FOR IT'S WEEKLY EVENTS, SUPPORT OF THE CLUB WILL ONLY MAKE IT HAPPEN MORE FREQUENTLY IT'S ALREADY SPILLING OVER INTO WEDNESDAY AND EVEN FRIDAY.... PB'S ON THE 30TH OR SOME SUCH, I WISH WE HAD MORE EVENTS AT THIS CLUB AS IT HAS AN EXELLENT DANCE FLOOR AND SEEDY DECOR.... ONCE A MONTH IS JUST NOT ENOUGH... RUMOURS OF SIOUXSIE, B-52'S, RICHARD HELL, CRAMPS ETC. PERSIST, I REALLY HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING OTHER THAN RUMOURS, THE APPEARANCE OF BANDS LIKE THESE AT LOCAL CLUBS CAN ONLY STRENGTHEN OUR GROWING SCENE.... BUT THERE IS ONE PROBLEM THAT EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE OVERLOOKING.... TO GET INTO THE CLUBS ONE MUST BE 18... WHAT ABOUT THOSE UNDER... ROBERT, I'M SURE THERE ARE LOTS OF POTENTIAL CICHLIDS FANS IN THE UNDER 18 BRACKET... THE SCENE COULD REALLY PROSPER WITH A BALLROOM TYPE VENUE. SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF THE OLD "THEE IMAGE" IS EXACTLY WHAT'S NEEDED... GET THE VIOLENCE OFF THE STREET AND ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT GOING TO GO INTO THE INTER-BAND POLITICS THAT HAS BEEN SURFACING OF LATE, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE. IT'S NOT NECESSARY... THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM FOR THE CICHLIDS, THE EAT, THE GIRLS, YES, EVEN THE ELECTRODES NOT TO MENTION ALL THE NEW BANDS IN THE FORMITIVE STAGES.... IN FACT ALL THE AUDIENCE SEEDING IN THE WORLD ISN'T GOING TO STOP THE NEW BANDS FROM BEING HEARD... THANKS ESPECIALLY TO MAX VOLTAGE FOR [redacted] THE SLAMMERS.

SPECIAL THANKS THIS ISSUE, LAST ISSUE, THE ISSUE BEFORE, THE ISSUE BEFORE THAT AND SO ON... TO SPAM AX, SHE'S PROBABLY IN N.Y.C. BY NOW BUT WHILE SHE WAS IN SOUTH FLORIDA SHE DID MORE THAN ANY ONE PERSON TOWARDS MAKING MOUTH OF THE RAT HAPPEN, NOT TO MENTION SHE WAS ONE OF FLA.'S FIRST "FLOOR DANCERS," THE FIRST.

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PHOTOS OF CICHLIDS, EVENTS ETC WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN VARIOUS ISSUES OF MOUTH OF THE RAT—5×7'S 8BY10'S POSTER-SIZE PHOTO'S.....

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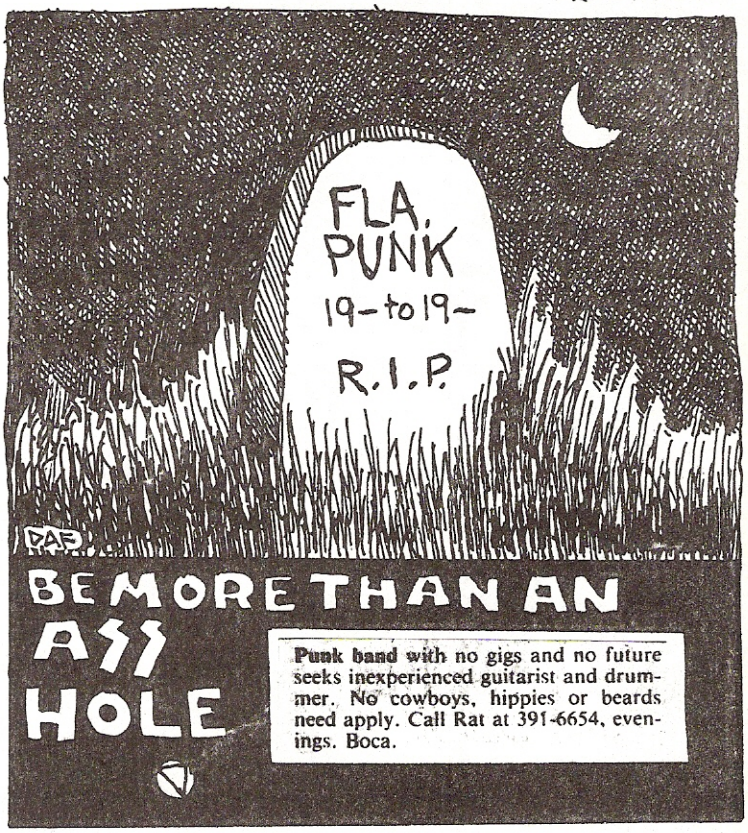
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BRING On THE

FELLOW RATZIES:
I AM STILL ALIVE AND KICKING (THIS ALONE IS REASON TO WRITE). THIS BE MY SECOND LETTER. GOD, I'M DEVOTED.
THE POSERS ARE REALLY STARTING TO GET OUT OF HAND. I READILY ACCEPT THE FACT THAT WE'RE ALL POSERS/TRENDIES/-FAKES TO SOME DEGREE (YES, EVEN YOU). BUT THERE IS AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN IDENTIFYING YOURSELF AS ONE OF THE FAITHFUL UNDEAD AND BECOMING AN ADVERTISING NEON ANUS. I WAS AT TIGHT SQUEEZE ONE NIGHT WATCHING THE LIDS WHEN ONE SUCH PUNK/ANUS STARTED SPITTING HEINEKEN ON DEBBIE* BESIDES WASTING GOOD BEER, IT WAS ALSO A VERY OBNOXIOUS [redacted] GESTURE TO BESTOW ON SOMEONE SO BEAUTIFUL. HE PROBABLY WAS UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT HE WAS BEING "PUNQUE"! HIS ILLUSIONS (FALSE AT THAT), WERE SOON SHATTERED HOWEVER. WHEN THEY WERE APPROXIMATELY SIX INCHES AWAY FROM EACH OTHER, THE SEMI-GOD, ALAN, SHOT A MONSTROUS WAD OF SPIT RIGHT SMACK IN THE CENTER OF THE DRIBBLING ANUS' FACE. HE MUST HAVE ENJOYED IT. I'VE SEEN HIM TWICE SINCE THEN... WE SHOULD ALL TAKE UP A COLLECTION TO MAIL HIM SOME WHERE.
THEN THERE'S THE TYPES WHO RIP UP THEIR CLOTHES AND COME TO PB'S SO THEY CAN GAWK AT THE "PUNKS TRYING TO HURT EACH OTHER"! BULLSHIT. WHAT UTTER BULLSHIT. THEY HAVEN'T EVEN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE VIOLENCE IS MOSTLY TONGUE IN CHEEK. ((YEAH, I ALMOST BIT MY TONGUE OFF LAST NIGHT AT PB'S -ED.)) I HAVE SUFFERED QUITE A FEW INJURIES AT CICHLIDS GIGS, BUT NEVER BY SOMEONE I WOULD EVER CHOOSE TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH. HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE BOOTS THAT MISS ROBIN HOOD WEARS? SHE COULD CASTRATE ME WITH THOSE THINGS. BUT HAS SHE? NO. NOT YET ANYWAY. MY FRIENDS I FEAR NOT. IT'S THE ANUS CLAN THAT I'VE GOT TO WATCH. I SOMEHOW GIVE THEM THE IMPRESSION THAT I WOULD ENJOY BEING AN AMPUTEE. MY BABY BROKE UP WITH ME BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT I WAS THE ANTI-CHRIST. ONCE A MONTH IS NOT ENOUGH. GO WEEKLY OR AT LEAST BI-WEEKLY.

BITCH, BITCH, BITCH
STEVE

MOUTH OF THERAT ASSHOLE OF A PIG CUNT OF A CAT.....
IT'S NOT FUNNY BEING BLIND, BUT AT LEAST WE ADMIT IT. NU WAVE IN FLORIDA! Z. I CON JUZ HARDONLY BELEIVE IT NOT Z YEARS AGO I USED TA LIVE RIGHT THERE IN OLE BOCY RATON AND THERE JUZ WONT SHIT I MEAN NOTZ EVEN NOBODY TO FUCK AND WHAT HAVE YOU MUCH LESS REAL ROCK'N'ROLL. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOME PROGRESSIONAL REBELLION IS TAKING PLACE DOWN THERE I SAY BITE THEIR FINGERS OFF AND MAIL 'EM TO THEIR MOTHERS THE FUCKING PIGDOGS OR BETTER YET GET A M16 AND BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF STOMP OUT THEIR VERY EXSISTANCE AND TAKE OVER THE COMMIE BASTARDS AND THEIR BRAINWASH RADIO.... ITZ BEEN A PRETTY UNEVENTFUL SUMMER SCUMMING AROUND THE ALLYS AND OCCASIONALLY CATCHING A SECRET SERVICE OR FABULOUS KNOBS GIG BUT I TELL YOU SINCE [redacted] TH' CIGARETZ SPLIT FOR NYC THERE JUZ AINT BEEN ANY OF THAT REAL SHIT TO POGO TO AROUND FALLDOWN DO LOTZ AND LOTZ OF DRUGS AND EVEN JACK OFF IN THE FREE ADVICE ALL THE PSUDO PUNKERS WENT BACK INTO THE CLOSETS OR REAL WORK HABITS BUT WAIT DID I TELL YOU DEVO AND THE FLIES (LOCAL OUT OF GREENSBORO) REAL HOT AND FAST DEAD BOYS KIND OF STUFF BUT MOSTLY ORIGINAL TUNES) IS GONNA PLAY RIGHT HERE IN NORTH CAROLINA AND ON THE VERY SAME STAGE THE DICTATORS PLAYED. THERE LAST PERFORMANCE WHICH I MIGHT ALSO ADD WAS IN NORTH CAROLINA. [redacted] I DONT KNOW HOW FAR SOUTH THEY INTEND TO PLAY BUTZ WE GOT AN INTERVIEW LINED UP WITH BOTH BANDS AND WELL LET YOU FUCK-UPS KNOW IF YOU EVEN CARE BUT I DOUBT YOU DO HAVE YOU HEARD DEVO'S NEW ALBUM? WHAT ABOUT THE NOSEBLEEDS BUTCHWAX, I.U.D'S, FISHHORSE OR FISHFUCKS, PUSSY, THE CLAP, ITCHMITES I DOUBT IT CAUSE THERE ALL LOCAL EXTENSIONS. YOUR NEVER ALONE WITH A SCHITZOFRNIC HUGE GAPING CUNTS. WHERE DO YOU GUYS GET ALL YOUR ALBUMS THROUGH BLEEKER BOB'S IN NYC? OR IS THERE A LOCAL DISTRIBUTOR WOULD THEY CARRY THE BLIND BOYS GAZETTE? (BB'S Q, 228 E. PARK DRIVE, RALIEGH, N.C. 27605 SEND 'EM A BUCK TO BE SAFE -ED.) LOOK MAN I'M GETTING REAL BORED JUZ TYPING THIS SHIT IVES JUS GOT TO RUN ANOTHER LINE FOR I LOZE ALL MY REMAINING SHIT FOR BRAINS....

FUCK OFF
SSEABA
SIDS MY SAVIOR

DEAR (OCCASSIONAL PUNK SHEET) (PUNKS) (RATS) (ASSHOLE) (DUMB SHITS) (LICK ME'S) ETC.....
WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE(?) START A RADIO STATION, PROGRAM OR SOMETHING BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE THE SONG BAD GIRLS, SO NOW I HAVE TURNED TO THE T.V. SET AN I TRY TO [redacted] COUNT HOW MANY TIMES JOHNNY CARSON LOOKS AT HIS Q-CARDS FOR ENTERTAINMENT. NOTE: IT IS BETTER TO TURN DOWN THE T.V. SOUND AND PUT ON THE RAMONES, - OFF WITH Y-100'S HEAD (AND SHE, ZETA AND ALL THAT SHIT [redacted] ABOUT NEW WAVE OF THE '80'S ASSBITE HYPE... FUCK RADIO -ED) USE GOOD TIMES MAGAZINE FOR CAT LITTER AND DON'T BUY THE NEW ZEPPELIN ALBUM (IF IT COMES OUT) WHEN ARE THE B-52'S COMING, ARE THE B-52'S COMING (YA GOT $3500 CUZ THAT'S WHAT THEM CRACKERS WANT FOR A GIG -ED)

BEST REGARDS - ... ALEX

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NEWS? YOU WANT NEWS? GO MAKE SOME HAPPEN. MISS ROBIN HOOD WAS NOT CREDITED FOR HER COVER PHOTO OF DEBBIE CICHLID WHICH APPEARED ON THE COVER OF RAT #8. WE DID NOT KNOW THEN WHO THE PHOTOGRAPHER WAS BLAH BLAH THANK YOU ROBIN AND ALSO FOR BRINGING THE CANE TO TIGHT SQEEZE, IT WAS SUCH A PROP. THE COVER THIS MONTH IS BY MICHEAL ALLEN A PORTRAIT OF LYNN.... WHILE DEBBIE CICHLID WAS BEING CHASED BY BARRACUDAS IN THE BAHAMAS ROBERT MASCARO THREW A BASH FOR MEMBERS OF THE PRESS. SUSAN MADE A GOOD DJ AND ROBERT KNOWS WHERE THE BEST B-B-Q CHICKEN CAN BE FOUND, HE HOPES NOBODY FINDS OUT... MY LIPS ARE SEALED... WHILE THE PARTY WAS [redacted] NOT AS ANARCHISTIC AS THE ONE SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER AT THE RAT OFFICES IT WAS FUN AND INTERESTING TO SAY THE LEAST.... I MET SOME PEOPLE FROM GOOD TIMES WHICH EXPLAINS EVERYTHING... THE CLASH ARE GOING TO BE IN NY IN SEPT, AND YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE SAVINGS THEY WON'T BE COMING ANYWHERE NEAR HERE BUT THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT DESTROY ALL MONSTERS WILL BE BASKING IN THE AIR CONDITIONING THIS WINTER. -DAF

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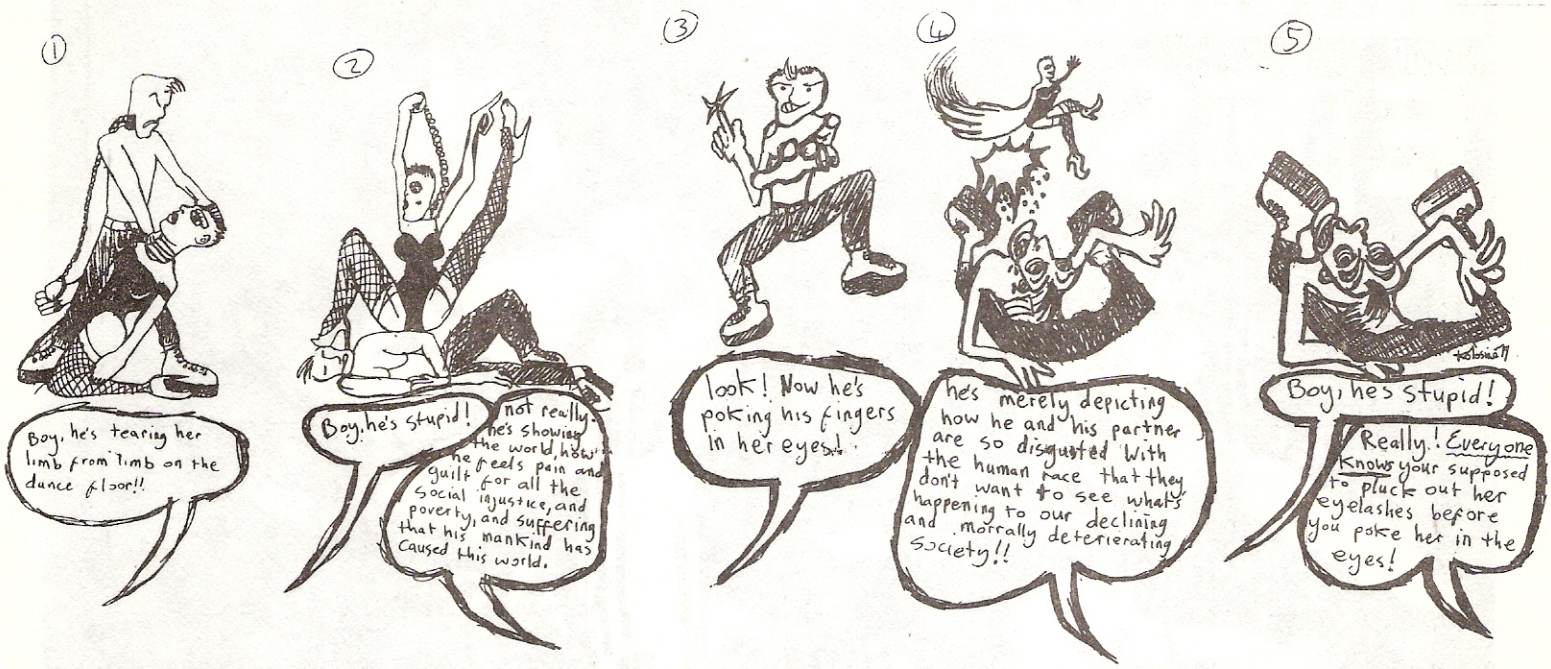
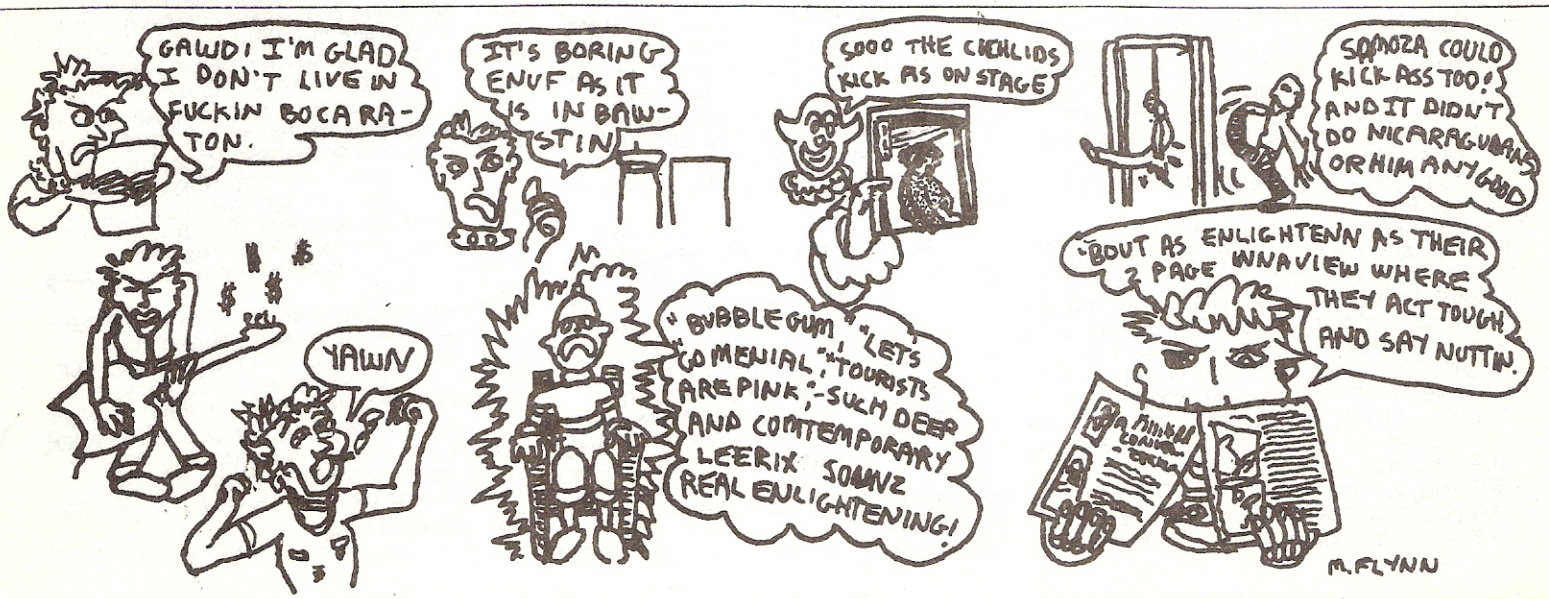

1
Boy, he's tearing her limb from limb on the dance floor!!
2
Boy, he's stupid!
not really. he's showing the world, how he feels pain and guilt for all the social injustice, and poverty, and suffering that his mankind has caused this world.
3
look! Now he's poking his fingers in her eyes!
4
he's merely depicting how he and his partner are so disgusted with the human race that they don't want to see what's happening to our declining and morrally deteriorating society!!
5
Boy, he's stupid!
Really! Everyone knows your supposed to pluck out her eyelashes before you poke her in the eyes!

YES, MY LITTLE DINGLE BERRIES. THIS IS THE CARTOON PAGE!!! SO SEND US A CARTOON - I'D ALSO LIKE TO ANOUNCE THAT THE READERS POLL WAS A DISSASTER - PROOF THAT SOUTH FLORIDA IS SOUND ASLEEP... LED ZEPPELIN? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.... ANSWERS TO THE SECOND HALF OF THE POLL WERE INTERESTING HOWEVER... ① FUCKED UP ② FUCKED OVER ③ FUCKING FUCKED AND ④ FUCK YOU. NICE TO KNOW YOU ALL HAVE SUCH IMPRESSIVE VOCABULARIES.... SO WE TRY AGAIN: THIS TIME WE WANT YOUR 5 FAVORITE SINGLES OF ALL TIME (HEAVEN FORBID) AND THE 25 BEST ALBUMS OF AUGUST 1979... PART TWO IS FAVORITE FOOD, FAVORITE LAUNDRAMAT, FAVORITE DISASTER, FAVORITE MURDERER (CONVICTIONS ONLY) FAVORITE FORM OF GOVERNMENT (REPRESSION, OPPRESSION ETC). FAVORITE ISSUE OF GOOD TIMES MAGAZINE. FAVORITE HAIR COLORING KIT, FAVORITE DRINK, FAVORITE NITE SPOT, FAVORITE DRUG, FAVORITE CITY, FAVORITE RECORDSTORE, FAVORITE FORM OF SUICIDE, FAVORITE SEX DEVICE, FAVORITE COMIC BOOK, FAVORITE RADIO STATION FAVORITE MEANS OF ESCAPE, FAVORITE FUCK, FAVORITE DISH SOAP, FAVORITE OVER THE COUNTER HIGH (OR LOW). FAVORITE PERSON, FAVORITE KIND OF MUSIC, FAVORITE KIND OF NON-MUSIC, FAVORITE BRAND OF TOILET PAPER, FAVORITE PICTURE, FAVORITE KID, FAVORITE SODA POP, NONE OF THE ABOVE, ALL OF THE ABOVE...

SKUNK PISS ©M. FLYNN


GAWD! I'M GLAD I DON'T LIVE IN FUCKIN BOCA RATON.
IT'S BORING ENUF AS IT IS IN BAWSTIN
SOOO THE CICHLIDS KICK ASS ON STAGE
SOMOZA COULD KICK ASS TOO! AND IT DIDN'T DO NICARAGUANS OR HIM ANY GOOD
YAWN
"BUBBLEGUM" "LETS GO MENIAL" "TOURISTS ARE PINK" - SUCH DEEP AND CONTEMPORARY LEERIX SOUNZ REAL ENLIGHTENING!
'BOUT AS ENLIGHTENN AS THEIR 2 PAGE WNAVIEW WHERE THEY ACT TOUGH AND SAY NUTTIN.
M. FLYNN

Hurricane IS EATS TIME

BY POISSON D'AVRIL

"HEY FISH, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO GET TO EAT FOR THE HURRICANE?-AND DON'T SAY POT PIES. WE CAN'T USE THE STOVE, ANYWAY." PLASTIC BOY IS THINKING OF HIS BELLY, AND I DON'T BLAME HIM REALLY. YOU CAN'T SEND OUT FOR A PIZZA IN A HURRICANE, AND THIS DEPRESSES ME. I HATE TO COOK WHEN SOMETHING INTERESTING IS HAPPENING.

"WHY CAN'T WE LIGHT THE CANDLES NOW, YELLS SCREAMER; LET'S LIGHT THEM NOW!"

"STUFF IT, SCREAMER" WE GANG UPON HER, "IT'S TIME TO STUFF OURSELVES, "LET'S GO TO WINN-DIXIE." WE GET THE GROCERY CART AND SET OFF ON OUR PILGRIMAGE. WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE AFTER AND ARE RESOLUTE. WE'VE HEARD ALL THE BULLETINS-NO PERISHABLES, NO JUNK; JUST TRUSTY CANNED GOODS, EDIBLE COLD. WE'RE FROM BOCA, WE EAT RIGHT.

SIX BLOCKS LATER OUR MECCA LOOMS BEFORE US, AND LIKE ALL TRUE DEVOTEES, WE GET THAT GLASSY EYED LOOK WITH EACH STEP CLOSER TO THE BIG RED CHECK. THE PORTALS SOUNDLESSLY GLIDE ASIDE FOR US AND WE'RE IN!!! SCREAMER GRABS THE BASKET SEAT; PLASTIC BOY RIDES SHOTGUN; I CLUTCH MY LIST; WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, THIS IS SERIOUS STUFF. WE ARE ON A REAL MISSION.

2 HOURS LATER, AFTER HEAVY DECISION MAKING AND A WHOLE LOT OF IMPULSE BUYING, WE'RE BACK HOME. THE EMPTY BAGS LIE LITTERED ABOUT OUR FEET AS WE GAZE IN WONDER AT OUR HURRICANE STASH STREWN OVER THE TABLE. "AW HO" GOES THE SCREAMER, "WE FORGOT THE SPAGHETTI-O'S. WE BETTER GO BACK."

"FORGET IT," I SAY, "WHAT WE DON'T HAVE WE DON'T NEED. BESIDES, THE WINDS ARE BLOWING UP ALREADY. WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO."

WE ATE THE ENTENMANN'S CHEESE BUNS ON THE WAY HOME BUT I RIP OPEN SOME CRACKIN GOOD PRETZILS TO GO WITH MY TAB. SCREAMER'S FINISHING OFF A HOSTESS CHOCOLATE CUPCAKE BUT IT'S ONE OF EIGHT SO WHAT THE HELL, THERE'S PLENTY LEFT FOR THE HURRICANE.

"DID YOU REMEMBER THE KOOL-AID, FISH, I LOVE IT IN MY WATER," SHE MUMBLES THROUGH A MOUTHFUL, "CAN I HAVE MY ZERO BAR NOW?"

I'M STORING THE LAY'S BAR-B-QUE CHIPS AND THE BORDEN'S CHEEZ PUFFS UNDER THE SINK, "SURE, BUT REMEMBER, THIS STUFF HAS TO LAST, GO EASY. HEY, PLASTIC, HAND ME THOSE POP-TARTS & THE LIL DEBBIE OATMEAL SNACK CAKES!" HE CRAMS THE LAST BITE OF A DEVIL DOG IN HIS GOB AND HANDS ME THE LOOT.

"WOW, DID YOU SEE THOSE PEOPLE BUYING THOSE VIENNA SAUSAGES," HE ASKS, "JUST THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES ME SICK. HADN'T WE BETTER PUT THE ROLO AND REGGIE BARS IN THE ICE BOX? I LIKE MINE COLD."

SCREAMER'S GETTING INTO THE HOSTESS TWINKIES. "PUT IT BACK. YOU WON'T EAT YOUR DINNER IF YOU HAVE THAT." BUT BEFORE I CAN REMIND HER THAT THERE'S A HURRICANE BLOWING UP, SHE'S GOT THE WRAPPER OFF OF IT. SHE'S FAST, I'LL GIVE HER THAT. OH WELL, JUST ONE WON'T HURT.

"LISTEN, PLASTIC; YOU HAD BETTER HOT FOOT IT TO THE 7-11 FOR SOME COMICS, SO WE'LL HAVE SOME READING MATTER. WE COULD BE TRAPPED IN HERE FOR DAYS. AND SEE IF THEY HAVE THE NEW X-MEN, AND OH, GET ME A PEOPLE MAGAZINE SO I CAN CHECK OUT THE CELEBS." HE GRABS THE KEY TO THE BIKE LOCK AND IS GONE; WHICH LEAVES IT UP TO ME TO LUG THE SHASTA GRAPE AND STRAWBERRY QUARTS OUT TO THE KITCHEN-NOT TO MENTION THE LITERS OF RC. I STORE THEM UNDER THE BIRD COUNTER AND PUT THE JOLLY TIME POP CORN AWAY IN IT'S ICE BOX JAR. NO HURRICANE'S GOING TO CATCH US UNAWARES NO SIREEBOB!

SCREAMER'S SIPPING A RITZ PINEAPPLE-ORANGE SODA, HER LAST I MIGHT ADD; I SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT THIS HURRICANE BUSINESS WILL PROBABLY NOT BE SO MUCH FUN FOR HER, EVEN IF WE HAVE TO LIGHT THE DAMN CANDLES. "SCREAMER, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A MALLO CUP AND THEN GO PLAY BARBI'S WITH DENISE?"

"NO, I HATE DENISE," SHE AVERS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.

"OH, YOU LIKE DENISE AND YOU KNOW IT,"

hurricane CONTINUED.....

I PLACATE."

"CAN DENISE HAVE SOME CANDY, TOO?"

"GET OUTTA HEAR [redacted] OR I'M GONNA LOOSE MY MIND!!!" I'M THINKING THAT THE SCREAMER'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GOING TO SUFFER IN THE HURRICANE.

BACK TO WORK AND PRETTY SOON THE OREOS, BACON AND HORSERADISH DIP, VELUETTA CHEESE, RAT'S THREE MUSKETEERS, THE TUNA (PROTEIN), MR PEENUT PEANUTS (MORE PROTEIN) FIG NEWTONS (REGULARITY) AND THE REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER CUPS ARE ALL ON THE SHELF. I MAKE A QUICK INVENTORY AND DISCOVER A BAG OF LI'L GENERAL STORE'S TOM'S POTATO CHIPS, SOME FRITO'S, AND A CARTON OF MOON PIES. WHAT LUCK! THEY SHOULD COME IN HANDY.

SCREAMER RETURNS, MINUS HER FRIEND, AND HELPS HERSELF TO A CHARMS SOUR BALL. "WE BETTER GET OUT THOSE CANDLES CAUSE I SAW SOMBODY PUTTING A BOARD ON THEIR WINDOW.", SHE'S REAL FLIPPANT. MY BLOOD RUNS COLD, BUT BEFORE I CAN FREAK OUT, PLASTIC BOY MAKES HIS ENTRANCE BEARING A HUMONGOUS BAG.

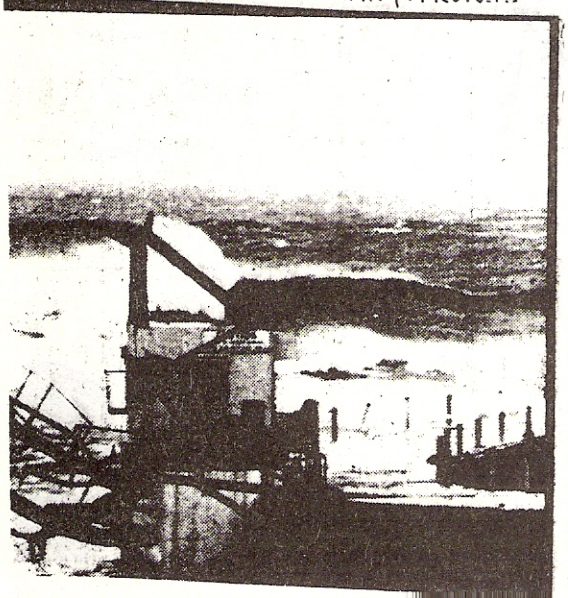
"THAT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME TRIP," I CRACK.

"NO SWEAT, BUT CHECK OUT WHAT I BOUGHT." HE DISEMBOWELS THE BAG WHILE SCREAMER AND I STAND RIVITED.

"THEY HAD 3, COUNT 'EM 3 MICRONAUT COMICS, OH AND NO X-MEN. HERE'S A RICHIE RICH FOR SCREAMER AND THEY WERE OUT OF PEOPLE MAGAZINE. IT'S A TOUGH LIFE, FISH, BUT LOOK WHAT ELSE I GOT: 4 BAGS OF PORK RINDS, THE LAST THEY HAD, TOO. ALSO A WHOLE BOX OF SLIM JIMS MEAT STICKS & SOME HOSTESS FRUIT PIES. BUT ARE YOU READY? ONE EACH OF ALL THE MICKEY SNACK CAKES! WHAT A LOAD! AND LOOK SCREAMER, JUST FOR YOU - A LITTLE BABY BOX OF CHOCOLATE COVERED CHERRIES. DID I DO GOOD, FISH?"

"COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF, PB. LETS TRY SOME OF THESE WHOPPER MALTED MILK BALLS. I BET THEY AREN'T AS GOOD AS THE ONES FROM K-MART IN THE MILK CARTONS." WE'RE MUNCHING AWAY AND FEELING PRETTY SECURE AGAINST THE HURRICANE OR ANY OTHER DAMN THING THAT FATE HAS UP ITS SLEEVE FOR US - WHEN THE RAT TURNS UP ON HIS CYCLE.

"HEY!," HE HOOTS, "WHADDYA GUYS WANT FROM MCDONALDS? I'M MAKING A RUN....



GODD! I THINK CLEVO IS ACTUALLY GETTING FARTHER AWAY ALL THE TIME.. BY GYN

"WE HATE PUNKS" & "SID VICIOUS IS AN ASSHOLE 'CAUSE HE'S DEAD".... THESE BRILLIANT WORDS OF WISDOM WERE SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCREAMIN' SNEAKERS IN FRONT OF THE TIGHT SQUEEZE NITECLUB DURING ONE OF THEIR WEEKLY PUNK NIGHTS. PRETTY PRESUMPTUOUS (OMING FROM A GROUP WHOSE BULK OF MATERIAL IS STOLEN FROM BANDS RIPPING OFF "PUNK" IN THE FIRST PLACE. PRETTY PRESUMPTUOUS COMING FROM A GROUP WHO SELF ADMITTEDLEY COULDN'T WRITE ANY ORIGINALS BECAUSE "IT'S HARD WHEN YOU'RE A YOUNG BAND." THANK GODD THE BUZZCOCKS DIDN'T FEEL THAT WAY. ADD TO THIS THE FACT THAT, SAVE FOR THE HORNY LEECHES WHO GO TO GAWK AT LISA NASH (THE SNEAKERS' UNDERAGE DEBBIE HARRY CLONE VOCALIST), A LARGE QUANTITY OF THE PEOPLE WHO GO TO SEE THIS BAND (OR MORE LIKELY, GET STUCK WITH THEM IN BETWEEN CICHLIDS SETS) LIKE TO CONSIDER THEMSELVES PUNKS.

"YOU PAY TO GET IN HERE BECAUSE YOU ARE SCUM... JUST SHIT ON A STICK"..... AH, MORE WORDS OF INSPIRATION FROM THE CLEVER SNEAKERS. SOMEONE SHOULD REMIND THEM THAT IF IT WASN'T FOR 'SCUM' LIKE US, THEY'D BE OUT OF A JOB. A BAND OF SUCH MINOR STATURE HAD BETTER LEARN TO RESPECT IT'S AUDIENCES A LITTLE MORE. ESPECIALLY WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS A LOT MORE INTERESTING THAN THE SNEAKERS THEMSELVES. ADMITTEDLY, IT IS THEIR PEROGATIVE TO HATE THE PEOPLE WHO SUPPORT THEM, BUT ONE WOULD HOPE THAT THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO BACK UP THEIR HIGH HANDED ATTITUDE WITH MORE THAN PISS POOR COVERS OF ELVIS COSTELLO, PATTI SMITH AND OF COURSE BLONDIE (GIVING LITTLE IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, LISA A CHANCE TO PUT ON HER BLACK SHADES AND DO THOSE CUTE LITTLE KICK DANCE STEPS). HOPEFULLY, F·I·A WANNABIDS WILL SOMEDAY REALIZE THAT PLAYING RAMONES SONGS DOESN'T MAKE A BAND NEW WAVE. AND WEARING WRAP-AROUND SUN GLASSES AND SKINNY TIES DOESN'T MAKE ONE A "PUNK". WAKE UP F·I·A. BE MORE THAN THE 'SCUM" SOME PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE.

CLASH TOUR ITINERARY - FALL '79

YES THEY ARE COMING TO AMERICA AGAIN.... CHECK THE SKEDOOL BELOW FOR A TOWN NEAR YOU. SOUTH FLORIDA, WILL YOU DRIVE 1000 MILES TO SEE THE CLASH?

SEPT 8 - MONTEREY, CALIF.	SEPT 20-21 NEW YORK
SEPT 12 - ST. PAUL, MN.	SEPT 22 - PHILLY
SEPT 14 - CHICAGO	SEPT 24 - TORONTO
SEPT 17 - DETROIT	SEPT 25 - MONTREAL
SEPT 19 - BOSTON	SEPT 29 - COLLEGE PARK, MD

COLLEGE PARK IS THE CLOSEST THEY'LL GET TO FLORIDA SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, SEE YOU THERE.

THANK YOU KINDLY A&M

TALK ABOUT ATONEMENT FOR SINS... A&M HAS BOUGHT A PACKAGE DISTRIBUTION DEAL WHICH IS GOING TO BRING US VINYL FOOLS SOME REAL THAANG FOR A CHANGE; SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE LATE THIS MONTH ARE: **THE BUZZCOCKS** ··GOING STEADY • **FASHION**··· PRODUCT PERFECT • **THE FALL**··· LIVE AT THE WITCH TRIALS • **JOHN CALE**··SABOTAGE • **WAZMO NARIZ**··· THINGS AREN'T RIGHT • **ROOT BOY SLIM & THE SEX CHANGE BAND** ···ZOOM • AND LAST BUT NOT THE LEAST BIT LEAST **THE CRAMPS**·· GRAVEST HITS... SOME ONE, PLEASE, HOSE ME DOWN.... SPEAKING OF THE SEX PISTOLS (?) THE LATEST SEX PISTOLS ALBUM "CARRI ON SEX PISTOLS CARRIES ON WHERE SWINDLE LEFT OFF. SOME ONE SAID OF THE SWINDLE 'VINTAGE CUTS' THAT EVEN THO' JOHNNY ROTTEN DOESN'T NO THE WORDS TO THE SONGS HE STILL COMES OFF MORE INTERESTING THAN 99% OF THE BANDS WORKING TODAY. **CARRI ON** GOES ONE STEP BEYOND IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE IN THAT THE SEX PISTOLS DON'T EVEN PLAY INSTRUMENTS OR SING AND IT'S STILL THE BEST ALBUM OF THE SUMMER..... **THE ONLY ONES** ARE SIGNED TO COLUMBIA IN USA. ROUGH TRADES (**STIFF LITTLE FINGERS**) WILL BE POPPING UP ON CHRYSALIS SOON. JUST SO LONG AS IAN HUNTER IS NOT PRODUCING.

Killer storms

PHOTO/TREATMENTS
M. ALLEN

BY FISH

MORBIDITY HAS BEEN MY BANE SINCE EARLY CHILDHOOD. MOMMY DUG A DENTIST UP FOR US WHO WAS A MASTER OF THE MACABRE. "LOOK AT WHAT WAS CAUSING YOU ALL THAT PAIN" HE'D GLOAT AS HE DANGLED A GORE ENCRUSTED MOLAR IN MY FACE. "THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM CHEWING BUBBLE GUN!" THEN HE'D PRESS IT INTO MY HAND, CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN PINK TISSUE. AH, THE ROOTS OF CURIOSITY.

I POURED OVER THE TALE OF THE FELLOW ~~WHO~~ PUTTING HIS FINGER IN CHRIST'S NAIL HOLES, FASCINATED. I'VE RUN ACROSS THREE HUNCH-BACKS AND BARELY KEPT MYSELF FROM RUBBING THEIR HUMPS. I CAN'T TEAR MY EYES FROM THE OCCASSIONAL AMPUTEE. I ALWAYS WONDER WHAT'S UNDER BAND AIDES.

THE ASPECT OF THE THEATRE OF MADNESS OCCUPIED ME FOR A TIME. INSANITY. THE DREADFUL GLEE OF THE 'NO HOLDS BARRED' GABBLERS. THERE WAS QUITE A BIT OF IT AROUND IN THE 60'S. EVERYTHING WAS GO. DO WHAT CHA LIKE. BUT THE PUBLIC IS FICKLE. THOSE BOUNDARIES WERE CROSSED LONG AGO, NEW DIMENSIONS ARE BIRTHED FULL GROWN AND BLEETING FOR RECOGNITION. RIMBAUD NAMED IT THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS. THE GUY WAS APT AT PHRASES.

ANARCHY IS LOOSE IN THE LAND AND THOSE WITH RABID MORBID CURIOSITY CAN NOW GLUT THEMSELVES WITH PURE SPECTACLE. WHICH OF COURSE LEADS ME TO MENTION 'THE THEATRE OF THE GROTESQUE' THE NEW AGE. OBSERVED VIOLENCE AND SELF MAIMING. OFFERING FODDER FOR CLOSET MORBIDITY FREAKS. THE COLESIUM OF ANCIENT TIMES HAS FOUND A RE-BIRTH - IT LIVES!

"P.B'S" IS A RETIRING LITTLE CLUB ON AN INOCUOUS LITTLE THOROUGHFARE (EQUIPED COMPLETE WITH SUPPORATING BACK ALLEY) IN THAT GOLD COAST BASTION OF PRETENCE, PALM BEACH. OUTWARD APPEARANCE IS DECEPTIVE. EVERY FEW WEEKS BASED ON THE PECULIAR WHIMS OF ITS PARVENUE PROPRIATORERS, PB'S THROWS IT'S DOORS OPEN TO THE DEMIMONDANE THEATRE OF THE ~~GROTESQUE~~ GROTESQUERIES AND ANARCHY REINS. IT'S A TRIP...!?

LEAVE ALL YOUR PRECONCEIVED MIND SHELTERS BEHIND. THEY WILL BE OF NO USE TO YOU. THE PONQUES ARE LOOSE IN THE PITS. THEIR BACKS ARE TO THE WALL IN VARIOUS 9 TO 5'S IN THE REAL WORLD. PONQUE NITE IS PUKE AND ROLL. IN IT - RELEASE. AND HOW THE STRAIGHT PEANUT GALLERY LICKS IT UP. FOR 2 BUCKS YOU CAN ENTER HELL; ONCE IN, THE PIT'S THE SHOW AND THE SEALS PERFORM FOR FREE.

THE AUDIENCE DEVOURS THE PONQUES WITH HUNGRY GABBLING EYES. THEY SUCK BACK THEIR DRINKS AND FINGER THEIR CIGARETTES, ENCOURAGING (BY THEIR NON-PARTICAPATION) THE PIT PUNKS TO WRECK HAVOC UPON EACH OTHER-PRESSING IT FURTHER, PRESSING IT TO CUM.

THE PIT PONQUE REGULARS ARE A NICE BUNCH OF PEOPLE. THEY ARE A CLOSE KNIT SET, VERY ABRASIVE TO OUTSIDERS. THERE'S NOT A PHONEY AMOUNG THEM. THE DISDAIN FOR THE AUDIENCE IS **REAL**. FOR SOME REASON, THE FEEDING SHARKS ARE ALWAYS SUPRISED TO FIND THIS REALITY IS A REALITY. YOU CAN'T TEACH AN ASSHOLE TRICKS - HE THINKS HE KNOWS THEM ALL... HO HUM.

THE HOUSE BAND IS AN ASIDE, AN EXCUSE. THE DRINKS ARE WEAK. THE BATHROOMS ARE TOO TAME FOR MY TASTES BUT THE PIT IS MY IDEA OF SOMETHING TO DO. I WOULDN'T WANT IT EVERY ~~DAY~~ NIGHT, MY BOREDOM LEVEL IS LOW AND, AFTER ALL, YOU CAN ONLY SQUEEZE A GOOD PIMPLE ONCE. ANY MORE THAN THAT AND YOU ARE JUST PLAYIN WITH IT.

punk tensions

FAU

YES, SO. FLA. CRETINS, THERE ARE PUNKS AMONG YOU... WATCH IT!... SO, SOME ERNEST FOLKS AT FAU, THAT SLEEPY LITTLE BASTION OF HIGHER LEARNING, PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER AND CAME UP WITH PUNK NITE. JEFFRY (I'M NO VIRGIN!) AND SANDY (WE GOT TO WAKE THESE PEOPLE UP!) WERE THE IMPETIS BEHIND TURNING THE FAU NITE SPOT "RATSKELLER" INTO A PUNK DIVE FOR A NITE. NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED, THE HOLE IS ALREADY A DIVE. ANYWAY..... THERE'S A HARD CORE CLIQUE OF PUNKS AROUND WHO'LL SHOW ANYTIME, ANYWHERE. YOU PLAY THEIR BRAND OF ROCK, THEY'LL POGO. TIMES ARE HARD. THEY ARE A HUNGRY BUNCH.... THE STIV BATORS IMPERSONATOR AND LOU REED LOOK ALIKE HIKED IT ALL THE WAY FROM MIAMI. PUNK PREMIER JET (HEY MAN, I GOT JET SHIRTS FOR SALE ON WORTH AVENUE.) TORNED UP. SCOTT THE MOD AND HIS LOVELY DATE? NANCY POGO'D & PING-PONGED. TOM (SUPER CICH FAN AND MANIAC DANCER) AND A MYSTERY FRIEND WERE THERE. SPAM AX, CENTRIFICAL INFLUENCE, POLKA DOT ENCRUSTED (EAT ME, EAT ME) STARRED ON THE DANCE FLOOR. SISTER MIDNIGHT. JON ROK WORE HIS NEW CLASH SHOES (ZAYRE'S $7) THE SCREAMER CAME AS DEBBIE H., GOT SHY AND WOULDN'T DANCE. NATURALLY, DAFYDD, EDITOR OF THIS MAG WAS IN ATTENDANCE. HE COORDINATED THE TACKY LITTLE AFFAIR OR SO HE CLAIMS. THE EAT WERE THERE, IN FORCE.... THE TUNES WERE PROVIDED BY GYN WHO CAME AS A GERM. HE SPENT 3 NIGHTS IN THE CLOSET (!?) MAKING SOME GREAT TAPES. IT WAS WORTH IT. THE BEER WAS WARM. THE ATMOSPHERE WAS STOLID. THE STUDENTS WERE ASLEEP. AND WHEN YOU FIGURE THAT THE LAST EXCITING EVENT TO HAPPEN AT FAU WAS SOMEBODY GOT ARRESTED FOR DOUBLE PARKING 2 YEARS AGO... YAWN, YAWN... A BARMAID TRIED TO BREAK UP THE DANCING AND GYN SPIT ON HER. SHE WAS AFFRAID OF 15 PEOPLE IN A PILE ON THE FLOOR. THEN SOME BODY "ASKED" HER TO JOIN IN BY PUSHING HER INTO IT.... JERRY THE MOLESTER TOOK THE PHONE OUTTA HER HAND AND TOLD HER IT WAS ALL CORREOGRAPHED! THE AUDIENCE OF THICK COLLEGE BOYS AND GIRLS WERE MUCH TOO THREATENED TO JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES, BUT SHIT DID THEY EAT UP THE [redacted] SPECTACLE! SPECIALLY WHEN CHRIS (EAT DRUMMER) POGO'D WITH SPAM. HOLY SHIT, THE DUDE CAN MOVE. QUOTE SPAM "YOU'RE A GOOD DANCER, CHRIS, EAT ME, EAT ME RAH RAH RAH.!... THE PARTY CAME TO AN ABORTED END, TOO SOON FOR PUNK TASTES, WHEN A VOID OID ACCOSTED GYN. "WHY DON'T YOU PLAY SOME FOG HAT AND TURN THAT OTHER SHIT OFF?" [redacted] THE BULGING BICEP ASKED.

"I'LL BET YOUR MOTHER WAS A BORING FUCK" RETORTED GYN. I THOUGHT, OH BOY, NOW WE'RE GONNA SEE SOME MOVES. COME ON!! BUT WOULDN'T YOU KNOW.... EVEN THO THE JERK HAD 6 BUDDIES, HE BACKED DOWN. HE'LL PROBABLY BE BACKING DOWN ALL HIS LIFE... NO BODY PUKED AND JET FOUND JADE EAST IN THE BATHROOM AND SMELLED ALL NIGHT. THEN EVERYONE SPLIT EXCEPT FOR GYN AND JET, WHO HAD TO PACK THE TAPES....

AT THIS POINT, SOMETHING A LITTLE EIRIE TOOK PLACE. THE TWO MOST MALEVOLENT DANCERS ON THE FLOOR JUST STARTED DANCING ALL BY THEMSELVES, REALLY GETTING INTO IT. LOW AND BEHOLD THE VOID OIDS CAME OUT OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CLOSETS AND JOINED GYN AND JET ON THE DANCE FLOOR. GYN ADDED THAT THIS WAS A TRES MOVING EXPERIENCE. LITTLE DID THEY KNOW.....

ONE CLOSING EPISODE; IN LEAVING WE WERE ORALLY ABUSED BY SOME COLLEGE COWBOYS IN THE PARKING LOT. OF COURSE WE ABUSED BACK AND ONCE AGAIN THE COLLEGE COWBOYS WEREN'T READY TO PUT THEIR MONEY WHERE THEIR MOUTHS WERE. THERE'S JUST NO STOPPING THE CRETINS FROM HOPPIN..

—FAU AUG 22 "NEW WAVE IS DEAD" NITE....

—FISH

THE EAT INTERVIEW

THERE'S A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION (SPREAD AROUND MOSTLY BY US) THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE NEW WAVE BAND PLAYING ORIGINAL MATERIAL IN SOUTH FLORIDA. IT AINT SO. THE PINNACLE IS MINISCULE BUT THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP. WE AT THE RAT CAST AROUND FOR AN ALTERNATIVE (CAUSE ALTERNATIVES MAKE WAVES) AND CAME UP WITH THE EAT, A NEW WAVE BAND IN THE GERMINAL STAGE, A BAND PREGNANT WITH POSSIBILITES AND SCREAMING TO BE HEARD. THERE'S NOTHING MORE INTERESTING THAN A NEW BAND MAKING ITS FIRST EFFORTS. AND THAT'S THE EAT. FRESH OUT OF THE 'GARAGE', I MEAN, SEARCHING AND SUPER ANXIOUS TO PLAY. THEY HAVE THEIR ROOTS IN SOUTH FLORIDA AND ARE PROUD OF IT. THEY'RE PART OF THAT EVER GROWING CADRE OF FANS & MUSICIANS WHO AREN'T SATISFIED WITH MERELY COVERING STANDARD POPULAR TUNES AND THE STALE RUT OF THE TYPICAL BAR BAND. THESE GUY'S THINK AND THEY'VE WRITTEN A SHIT LOAD OF DANCABLE, ORIGINAL SONGS. THE EAT WERE FASHIONABLY LATE FOR THEIR INTERVIEW, BUT WHAT THE HELL, THESE GUYS ARE WORKING ARTISTS (READ THAT: PEOPLE'S BAND) DAF AND SPAM WERE IN THE BATHROOM THROWING UP (TAINTED PIZZA) ANYWAY, SO IT ALL EVENED OUT. PHOTOGRAPHER, MIKE ALLEN HAD ALREADY SPLIT (DUE TO A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT) SO WE MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY PICTURES. JON ROK AND GYN [illegible] (HE'S GOT THE GERMS CARVED IN HIS CHEST, GIRLS) HELD DOWN THE FORT TILL SPAM AND DAF ~~FINISHED RUSHING~~ WERE THEMSELVES AGAIN. THE EAT TOOK IT ALL IN STRIDE. THESE GUYS ARE INTENSE, WARY THEY WANT A PIECE OF THE PIE AND THEY'LL WADE THROUGH THE BULLSHIT TO GET IT. THEIR MANAGER, ERIC MOSS, HAS A HANDFUL OF LIVE WIRE AND KNOWS IT. HE'S GONNA KICK HIS WAY IN THE DOOR.

EAT ME, EAT ME, RAH, RAH, RAH... -SPAM AX

ERIC: WE'RE THE EAT. EAT. THIS IS MIKE O'BRIEN, LYRICIST, GUITAR; CHRIS COTTIE, DRUMS, PRODUCER; GLENN NEWLAND "MIAMI'S PREMIER PSYCHEDELIC PUNK BASSIST; AND EDDIE O'BRIEN, LEAD GUITAR AND VOCALS. HAVE YOU GOT ALL THAT?

JON R: YEAH, WE'RE HANGING ON YOUR EVERY WORD.

FISH: WOW, THE BASS PLAYER LOOKS LIKE TOM VERLAINE, (PANT PANT)

ERIC: KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT, WE DON'T PLAY FAVORITES. AND WE'RE NOT LATE...

FISH: ANYTHING YOU SAY, HEY, THERE WASN'T ANY TOILET PAPER, LAST NIGHT AT TIGHT SQUEEZE. IT WAS GROSS.

ERIC: RIGHT, LISTEN. START ASKING QUESTIONS OR THEY'RE GONNA START BREAKING UP THE FURNITURE.

SPAM: IT'S WORTH IT, IT'S WORTH IT. HEY GLENN, I HEAR YOU HAVE A TATOO, CAN I SEE IT?... HEY THAT'S GREAT, IT BEATS HELL OUT OF THOSE MARINE MOM AND DADS.

GYN: DAFYDD, A FRIEND FROM AKRON CALLED ME TODAY. THE THEIR DRUMMER IS DEAD. HE DIED OF CARBON MONOXIDE POISONING IN HIS CAR.

JON R: OH MAN, ONE OF THE BIZARROS IS DEAD...

ERIC M: GREAT WAY TO GO... YOU WANT TO TALK TO OUR DRUMMER. I DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL TALK TO YOU BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY.

GLENN: JUST DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES.

SPAM TO CHRIS: ARE YOU MISSING A PAIR OF GLASSES? YOU KNOW, THE KIND THAT FLIPS UP. SOMEBODY FOUND A PAIR IN THE BATHROOM AT TIGHT SQUEEZE. THEY THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE YOURS.

MIKE: GIVE THEM TO ME, I'M A CHARITY CASE.

SPAM: I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW, THE PERSON WHO FOUND THEM REALLY CHERISHES THEM. AN EAT SOUVINEER, YOU KNOW...

DAF: OK, WE SAW YOU GUYS AT FAU. WE DIDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT YOU—HADEN'T HEARD OF YOU BEFORE, RIGHT, AND FOR MY OWN SELF I MISSED HALF YOUR SET CUZ I WAS LATE. BUT I HEARD FROM THESE PEOPLE HERE HOW YOU COVERED THE CLASH AND RAMONES. HOW DID YOU COME TO GET INTERESTED IN THOSE BANDS?

EDDIE: WE JUST LIKE THOSE BANDS. WE SORTA USE OUR MUTUAL MUSICAL TASTES AS A BASIS FOR GETTING TOGETHER AND PLAYING.

ERIC: THESE GUYS DO PROBABLY 80% ORIGINAL MATERIAL AND USE THE COVERS TO LEAD INTO THEIR ORIGINAL TUNES.

CHRIS: SORT OF AS AN ACCENT....

FISH: DON'T YOU FIND THE AUDIENCE, PARTICULARLY HERE IN SOUTH FLORIDA, LEARY OF ORIGINAL MATERIAL; I MEAN, DON'T THEY TEND TO GO FOR IDENTIFIABLE STUFF LIKE WOOLY BULLY?

EDDIE: YEAH, SO WE SNEAK IT IN...

CHRIS: AND SLAM YA IN THE FACE WITH THEM.

FISH: CUZ SO. FLA IS SUCH A LINEAL THINKING PLACE.

CHRIS: THE MORE THEY HEAR IT THE MORE THEY'RE GONNA LIKE IT, THAT'S THE POINT.

DAF: THAT'S THE PROBLEM ~~WITH~~ IN SO. FLA, THEY ONLY HEAR WHAT THEY HEAR....

FISH: WHEN YOU GUYS PLAYED F.A.U., YOU LOOKED SO UNREAL, AND THEN YOU CRASHED INTO THE CLASH SONG. GOD, I ALMOST DROPPED IT. I WENT CRAZY.

DAF: FOR A WHILE, TILL WE SAW YOU, WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ANYBODY, WHO LIKED THAT CLASH ALBUM.

ERIC: THAT'S ONE OF THE 1ST THINGS WE FELT THAT WE HAD TO CHANGE.... IN THE PAST MONTH OR SO WE'VE GONE THRU A GREAT DEAL OF CHANGE. PHYSICALLY AS YOU CAN SEE, AND ARTISTICALLY, FOR THE GROUP AS A GROUP, AND INDIVIDUALLY. ALL IN THE SENSE OF FINDING AN IDENTITY.

EDDIE: THE ONLY THING IS, DON'T YOU THINK THAT LIKE WHEN WE CAME OUT AND DO A CLASH SONG OR A RAMONES SONG, A LOT OF PEOPLE (LIKE JON ROK SAID) (LAST ISSUE - ED) THINK, WELL THEY DID A CLASH SONG AND A BUNCH OF OTHER SONGS THAT I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE AND THAT THEY WERE PROBABLY COVERS OF OTHER PUNK SONGS? DO YOU REMEMBER WRITING ABOUT THAT?

JON R: YEAH.

FISH: LET ME POINT OUT THAT JON ROK IS HEAVILY EDITED.

GLENN: WHICH IS MISLEADING ABOUT US, BECAUSE WE DO SO MUCH ORIGINAL STUFF.

DAF: WHERE ARE YOU GUYS FROM?

EDDIE: GLENN AND CHRIS ARE NATIVE MIAMIANS AND WE CAME DOWN HERE IN '69 FROM N.Y. RIGHT AFTER WOODSTOCK. SO WE'VE BEEN HEAR 10 YRS.

JON R: WOODSTOCK WAS THE LAST STRAW, HUH.

MIKE: REALLY WE JUST SAID FUCK IT AND SPLIT.

EDDIE: LOVED THAT PIECE IN THE MOUTH ABOUT WOODSTOCK. THAT WAS GREAT.

JON R: YEAH THAT WAS FROM LARRY THE PUNK. HE'S IN N'AW LINS.

CHRIS: WHERE ARE YOU FROM, DAF?

DAF: I'M FROM WILMINGTON, DELAWARE ORIGINALLY BEEN IN FUCKING FLORIDA FOR 20 YEARS, I GUESS I'M NOT A PURIST.

EDDIE: YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE A ~~HOPELESS FLORIDA~~ HOMETOWN BOY.

JON R: I WAS BORN IN HONOLULU.

GLENN: OH GOOD, DO YOU SURF.

(EVERY BODY BREAKS UP) (CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

EAT Con't.

JON R: I GUESS SO...

FISH: HEY GLENN, I SAW YOU BOPPIN TO THE CICHLIDS THE OTHER NITE...

GLENN: I REALLY LIKE THAT BAND.

FISH: I DON'T THINK THEY'RE FOOLS; THEY KNOW THAT SOME BAND COULD COME SWEEPIN THRU AND WIPE THEM OFF THE STAGE. THEN THEY'D HAVE TO START HUSTLIN' AGAIN.

ERIC: THAT'S AN INTERESTING POINT. WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO CICHLIDS VS. EAT, IT ALSO COMES DOWN TO MOSS VS. MASCARO. AND I LIKE THAT. I REALLY ADMIRE THE GUY. HE'S VICIOUS AND HE ABUSES ME BUT I LEARN A HELL OF A LOT FROM THE GUY EVERY TIME I TALK TO HIM.

DAF: HIS INACCESSABILITY IS FOOLISH THO. I MEAN, I CAN ALWAYS TALK TO HIM AND YET I SELDOM FEEL AS THO I'M REALLY TALKING TO THE REAL ROBERT. THAT TO ME IS PETTY GAMESMANSHIP. ITS FUCKED HE TOLD ME SOME PRETTY OFF THE WALL THINGS AND THEN HE TURNS ARDUND AND DOES THE OTHER THING. I FIND THE WHOLE THING RATHER ODD.

ERIC: EXACTLY, IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO GET HIS NUMBER.

DAF: I FINALLY LOOKED IT UP IN THE PHONE BOOK.

FISH: I GOT HIS NUMBER THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIM.

DAF: OH, A LITTLE MALICE.

SPAM: I LOVE IT, EAT ME, EAT ME.

JON R: HEY FISH, EDDIE KNOWS ALL ABOUT WRESTLING. HE'S MY NEW HERO. WHERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK?

FISH: YOU DON'T OWN ONE. STUFF IT JON.

DAF: SO, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS UP TO, THERE SEEMS TO BE A POLITICAL KIND OF ELEMENT IN YOUR SONGS...

CHRIS: A FORM OF CATHOLIC COMMUNISM.

FISH: YOU MEAN SOCIALISM?

GLENN: NO, COMMUNISM, EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.

ERIC: THIS IS A PEOPLE'S BAND. WORKING CLASS. ALL THE GUYS WORK JOBS. WE HAVE INSANE SCHEDULES, BUT IT MAKES THE END PRODUCT THAT MUCH SWEETER.

DAF: WHAT ABOUT THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT?

ERIC: WE'LL LET FATHER O'BRIEN TAKE THAT ONE, HE'S THE LYRICIST.

EDDIE: ALL MUSIC IS THE OUTCOME OF INFLUENCE. EVERYTHING THEY EVER DID TO YOU IN THE PAST ALL COMES OUT IN THE NOW. I LIKE TO TAKE THAT RELIGIOUS STUFF THEY FORCE FED ME AND RELATE IT TO SHIT THAT'S COMING DOWN. ITS A FORM OF CATCHING YOURSELF HUMMING SOMETHING BURIED WITHIN YOU SINCE, SAY, THE FIRST GRADE. I LIKE TO EXPLORE THAT PARTICULAR ASPECT AND ALIGN IT, OR MALIGN IT, WITH WHERE I AM TODAY.

FISH: BUT YOUR SONGS AREN'T RELIGIOUS PERSE?

EDDIE: SHIT NO! JUST PEPPERED WITH SCRAPS FROM THE PAST. INTERRELATIONS.

SPAM: I LOVE IT, EAT ME, EAT ME. RAH, RAH, RAH.

GLENN: THAT'S THE NEW PHRASE OF THE HOUR.

ERIC: THE BOTTOM LINE IS, IS THAT THIS BAND WANTS TO BE HEARD. AND I THINK THEY SHOULD BE, OBVIOUSLY OR I WOULDN'T BE DOIN WHAT I'M DOING. THEY'RE GREAT, AND THEY GOT THE MOVES DOWN. I THINK THEY ARE CAPABLE OF GETTING THE PEOPLE ON THEIR FEET. AND ISN'T THAT WHAT MUSIC IS ALL ABOUT?

DAF: WHO KNOWS? I EERTAINLY DON'T, YOU GOT THAT TAPE? LETS LISTEN TO IT.

THE Eat The End

The PUPPET'S OPINION

BY CLARK HUMPHREY

LAST FRIDAY I VISITED THE TIGHT SQUEEZE ROCK CLUB WHERE I UNEXPECTEDLY INTRODUCED, TO ALL THE HOT FOOTED PEOPLE, THE **SCREAMIN' SNEAKERS.**

FIRST OFF MY IMPRESSION WAS THAT THEY HAD THE WRONG NAME BECAUSE THE LEAD SINGER CANNOT SCREAM (BUT SHE SURE CAN STRUT!) AT LEAST NOT ENOUGH TO SATISFY MY BLEEDING EARS. THEY PLAYED TOO MUCH **BLONDIE** (KIDDING THEMSELVES) AND THE WORST VOCALIZING OF **STONES** AND **COSTELLO** I'VE HEARD IN A LONG TIME.

ALSO THERE, MAKING A MUCH NOTICED APPEARANCE, WAS **THE CICHLIDS** BASSIST COMPLETE WITH DOG-COLLAR AND CHAIN (CIRCA LONDON '77) & I DO BELIEVE THAT SHE "WHIPPED" HER LITTLE PATSY FRIEND A LITTLE TOO HARD A COUPLE OF TIMES (MUCH TO THE DISMAY OF THAT CONSENTING RECRUIT) BUT NEVER THE LESS THE DANCERS DEVOLVED AND THE DIRT GOT DISHED-OUT, THE DOGGY ROLLED OVER AND WE GOT KICKED OUT! (GOOD IDEA FOR A SONG). YES INDEED THE DANCERS WERE SOME OF THE MOST UNINHIBITED I'VE SEEN. I DID MY SHARE OF THE ROCKABILLY RISQUE, WHILE THE CEILING GOT CLOSER WITH EVERY BOUNCE.

I HOPE THAT THIS MEANS THE WHOLE OF SOUTH FLORIDA IS FINALLY JOINING IN ALL THIS CHILDISH AND CARE-FREE FUN AND LEAVING BEHIND THE FRUSTRATING DREAMWORLD OF THE DISCO DYNASTY.

I'M HOPING THAT THIS QUICK CATCHING SURGE OF ENERGY MARKS THE SWANSONG OF AN AGE, THE END OF THE AIMLESSNESS OF THE SEVENTIES, AND THE BEGINING OF DEFINITION. NO MORE ENUY OF THE 50'S AND NOSTALGIC MASTURBATION. PERHAPS THE EIGHTIES WILL HAVE A CHARACTER ALL IT'S OWN, NOT JUST A SYNERGIZM OF TELEVISION PROTOTYPES LIKE THE '70'S.

BUT WE DON'T WANT SENSATIONALISM AS THE PICTURE OF THE 80'S.

THIS IS PERHAPS THE BIGGEST THREAT TO OUR AESTHETIC AND CULTURAL APPRECIATION. SO TAKE HEED **CICHLIDS** AND TAKE NOTICE **SNEAKERS**, YOU COULD BE SOME OF THE FIRST TO FALL VICTIM....

ALSO, F.A.U.

HOW MANY INTELLECTUALS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB? IT TAKES TWO TO DISCUSS THE SOCIOLOGICAL RAMIFICATIONS, ONE TO BURN HIMSELF OUT AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE ESSENTIAL IMMORALITY OF ELECTRICITY; AND ONE TO SEE THE LIGHT. (PAUSE FOR THEORETICAL LAUGHTER). THE CONVERSION OF MATTER INTO ENERGY IS A POIGNANT HUMAN REACTION AGAINST DARKNESS. SINCE DARKNESS INEVITABLY RETURNS, SUCH GESTURES MAY APPEAR TO BE POINTLESS. BUT THERE IS UTILITY IN FUTILITY, HOPE IN DESPAIR, LIFE AND CELEBRATION OF THE STRUGGLE AND THE STORM. LOOK WHAT THE NEW WASHED IN.....

GYN, WHOSE COMPASSION CUTS DEEPER THAN EXACTO BLADES ACROSS HIS CHEST, MAKING THE FAU ENEMIES LIST FOR SPITTING ON A BARMAID (SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION): DESPITE SUCH VALIANT EFFORTS, NOT GETTING THROWN OUT (WE'RE MORE SUBTLE THAN THAT WHEN WE SPIT ON PEOPLE). INTREPID DANCER DAFYDD DANCING INTREPIDLY WHICH IS REALLY THE ONLY THING FOR A RATIONAL PERSON TO DO UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES. THE EAT PLAYING FOURTH DIMENSIONAL POKER AS THE BODIES PILED UP. ALLAN, WHO PLAYS ARMS FOR THE CICHLIDS, SUMMING THINGS UP "WE TRIED TO SHOW THEM A GOOD TIME; THEY'LL CATCH ON IN A COUPLE OF YEARS." WE WERE THERE AND YOU WEREN'T. SOMEBODY EXPLAINED TO ME, THAT YOU'VE GOT FAMILIES OF YOUR OWN. I TRUST YOU'RE OUT THERE CONVERTING MATTER TO ENERGY IN YOUR OWN WAY. REMEMBER, JUST CAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE IT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S NOT LIGHT.

BUZZCOCKS

"I'm DONE!!!" QUOTE SCREAMER UN QUOTE (AT TOP OF LUNGS) (NATCH). SOMEBODY WIPE HER BUTT I MENTALLY PRAY. THIS IS A SILENT NOVENA TOLD DAILY. I'M THINKING ABOUT THE BUZZCOCKS. ENGLISH ROCK BAND, SUPER TIGHT. REAL YOUNG GUYS. DRUMMER'S EIGHTEEN, TOPS. STARTED REAL YOUNG. DON'T SEE HOW THEY USED TO [redacted] LET HIM PLAY THE CLUBS. UNDERAGE. ONE THINGS FOR SURE, THEY NEVER COULD HAVE COME OUT OF BOCA RATON. ANY SEED HERE FALLS ON FALLOW [redacted] GROUND. REAL BIBLICAL. WELL, SHIT IT'S SUNDAY.

THE BUZZCOCKS REALLY DRIVE IT HARD. THE NORMALS FROM NEW ORLEANS HAVE THE THRUST BUT LACK THE FINESE. THE L.A. GERMS ARE ECLECTIC BUT CAN'T TOUCH THE BUZZCOCKS.

WHAT MAKES IT CLICK? HOW DO SOME BANDS KNOW ABOUT THE DENTIST DRILL ON THE NERVE BUT OTHERS DON'T? I FIGURE THERE'S A THESIS IN THERE SOME WHERE. FEELING... LIKE I'M ALMOST SIXTEEN AGAIN. WHAT IS IT ABOUT FIRST DRINKS, FIRST CIGARETTES, FIRST FUCKS. THROWING OUT THOSE FIRST FEELERS ABOUT JUST HOW FAR CAN YOU GO, JUST HOW FAR CAN YOU [redacted] PUSH IT. HOW ELASTIC THE WHOLE GAME CAN GET BEFORE THEY SNAP YOU BACK INTO SYNC. SHIT, WHAT A FEELING. THERE'S NO DRUG LIKE IT.

BUZZCOCKS KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, OR THEY GIVE A GOOD IMITATION. BUT I KNOW, DEEP DOWN, IT'S NO SETUP. THEY'RE REAL, AND THEY KNOW. [redacted] THEIR FINGERS PULL IT OUTTA THE GUITARS, THE DRUMMER WHIPS.

PLASTIC BOY SAUNTERS IN WEARING HIS NEW PEG LEGS. I'VE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT IF HE PRACTICES SAUNTERING. SOME GUYS DO. BUT I THINK HIS IS REAL. HE'S PLAYING HIS IMAGINERY GUITAR TO THE BUZZCOCKS. "WRITING

GERMS

BY DAF

IT ALL STARTED (FOR ME) SEVERAL MONTHS AGO WHEN SLASH MAGAZINE TRIED TO SCARE ME OFF BY SENDING ME THE GERMS EP... I DIDN'T KNOW SACK SHIT ABOUT THEM OTHER THAN THAT THEY WERE AN L.A. BAND SO I DIDN'T EXPECT A WHOLE LOT BUT.... WELL THAT EP GETS QUITE A BIT OF AIRPLAY ON THE OLE' VICTROLA AND THE ROMOURS KEEP TRICKLING IN. THAT FIRST DAY I MUSTA PLAYED THAT RECORD 500 TIMES AND SO FAR IT'S RENDERED MOST OF MY [redacted] UYNYL STASH IMPOTENT TO SAY THE LEAST. I MEAN IS THERE LIFE AFTER DARBY CRASH. THEN AGAIN, I THOUGHT MAYBE I'M JUST A DEAD HEAD AND I CAN LISTEN TO ANYTHING THE STUPIDER THE BETTER. SO I TRIED IT ON SOME OTHER PEOPLE. SOME OF THEM HAVE NEVER BEEN BACK WHICH IS A GOOD SIGN. THEN I DEMANDED THAT GYN PLAY IT UP AT PB'S. I DON'T KNOW IF HE PLAYED IT THAT NIGHT BECAUSE I LEFT EARLY BUT HE DID PLAY IT AT HOME BECAUSE THE NEXT TIME I SAW HIM AND FINALLY GOT MY RECORD BACK IN ONE PIECE (THANK NO GOD) I COULD SEE A VISIBLE CHANGE IN GYN. SO HE WAS HOOKED TOO. SO WHAT, YOU SAY? FUCK YOU ANYWAY. THE GERMS ARE DARBY CRASH, VOCALS; PAT SMEAR (OR JUST PAT), GUITAR; LORNA DOOM (SHE'S THE SLEAZIEST), BASS; AND NEWEST MEMBER DON BOLLES, DRUMS. THEY ARE ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL SOUNDING BANDS IN A LONG TIME. I KNOW, PEOPLE SAY THAT ABOUT PRACTICALLY EVERY BAND... MY ONLY ANSWER IS LISTEN TO NO GOD 50 OR 60 TIMES THEN COME ARGUE THE POINT WITH ME. IN FACT, LISTEN TO NO GOD 50 TIMES AND COME ON OVER AND I'LL FIGHT YOU ON 5 QUAALUDES WITH A PICTURE OF NIAGARA TIED BEHIND MY BACK. BUT I DEGRESS (WHAT EVER THAT MEANS). ACTUALLY THE GERMS ON THE STRENGTH OF TWO FORTY-FIVES (A TOTAL OF 5 SONGS) HAVE DONE IRREPRABLE DAMAGE TO THE FEW BRAINCELLS I HAVE LEFT. JOE BROOKS CAME ALL THE WAY FROM L.A. JUST TO WARN ME NOT TO INVITE THE GERMS TO MY HOUSE. AND FROM WHAT HAS BEEN TRICKLING IN REGARDING THE EXPLOITS OF THE GERMS IT IS PROBABLY GOOD ADVICE. WHICH IS WHY I HERE AND NOW INVITE THE GERMS TO COME AND STAY AS LONG AS THEY WISH... AT GYN'S HOUSE. DARBY SPENDS A LOT OF TIME FIGHTING HIS WAY BACK ON STAGE, EITHER AT GERMS GIGS OR OTHER BANDS GIGS, IT MATTERS LITTLE. THE GERMS HAVE BEEN BANNED IN MOST CLUBS IN L.A. AND IT'S SPREADING TO PLACES LIKE RIVERSIDE OR FOR THAT MATTER JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE THEY GO. MORE OFTEN THAN NOT THEY SELDOM ARE PERMITTED TO FINISH A